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RANDOM NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS
OF A
TRIP THROUGH THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

INCLUDING
A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE YELLOW-
STONE NATIONAL PARK.

BY
DR. EDMUND C. WENDT,

CURATOR TO ST. FRANCIS' HOSPITAL; MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK PATHOLOGICAL SOCIETY; OF THE NEW YORK NEUROLOGICAL SOCIETY; OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK; ETC.

SLIP
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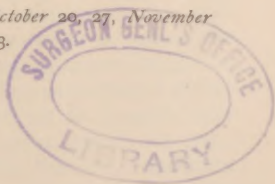
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Go West, young man !
And if you can't go West,
Go as West as you can.

RANDOM NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS OF A TRIP THROUGH THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

(Being a series of letters addressed to the Editor of the Medical Record.)

I.

HAVING participated in the opening excursion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, your correspondent had rather exceptional opportunities to observe many of the distinctive features of the far West, together with some of its peculiarities of life and manners. It may interest your readers to be made acquainted with the impressions, more particularly from a medical point of view, which the wide West makes on what is commonly there called an "Eastern tenderfoot." Now, "tenderfoot" is not to be construed as the Western equivalent of that much evolved and more abused specimen of mankind, familiarly styled "dude." For even the Montana cowboy recognizes the latter. Not that he has ever seen the true prototype of a class that was erstwhile so numerous among us. But he is convinced that a person caught in the act of wearing a white linen collar, or declared guilty of having recently shaved or washed his face, must be a dude, true and proper. And, moreover, since the typical Westerner freely, and often quite forcibly, expresses his convictions, the term "dude" is at present perhaps oftener employed west of the Mississippi than east of it. Please pardon this explanatory digression, but it really seemed essential to point out that the tenderfoot need not necessarily be a dude, and *vice versa*.

Your correspondent spent one week

IN CHICAGO,

and endeavored to ascertain the status of the medical profession there. Considering the amount of talent in its ranks, it stands much lower than it should. The principal blame for this unfortunate circumstance must attach to the physicians themselves. The Chicago doctors are under-paid, and, therefore, under-estimated.

The phenomenal growth and commercial prosperity of this great Western metropolis excite the wonder and admiration of all visitors, native as well as foreign. This unparalleled rise is without the slightest exaggeration one of the wonders of the world. But the Chicago doctors lag behind, pecuniarily and in popular esteem. And why? Simply because as a class they charge too little for their services. The Chicago of to-day is no longer a merely rising city, whose inhabitants fondly dream of future glory. It is a great living actuality, with an assured future of still greater accomplishment. Why, then, have the Chicago doctors retained the "small-city fee?" In commercial capitals the principle of valuation is the predominant one. Price determines worthlessness as well as worth. Whatever is excellent commands a high figure. Hence the people argue that cheap doctors must be poor doctors. It would be difficult to convince the average citizen of the fallaciousness of such reasoning. The remedy for this evil is therefore self-evident. Let the doctors charge more. The old established physicians must lead this reform movement. They will lose patients at first, but they will gain in prestige, and their incomes will not suffer. In the end they will have elevated the profession as a whole, while they will have benefited themselves as individuals.

This is not idle talk. It is the earnest advice of one who would fain see his chosen profession lifted above, or at least to the same level with other callings. For such eminence is but the just reward for a life of ceaseless to

and self-sacrifice, and for the unhesitating assumption of graver responsibilities than any other profession entails. And in this connection the writer would be pardoned for quite humbly suggesting to the profession at large the advisability of inculcating "high-fee" principles, as essential to the proper standing of the doctor in the community. Sordid motives should ever be foreign to our profession. But let us recognize the actual commercial value of our services, without sham hesitancy, without the assumption of false modesty, without maudlin sentimentality. For as yet ours is a young country, where commercial values rule the day. In the ideal world that is to replace the present imperfect one, the doctor may well make fifty cent visits, and take the balance out in sentiment; but at present sentiment will not pass current in buying bread. And God knows the doctor needs bread, as much as, if not more so than other mortals. And now let there be no further digression, but a broaching of more novel themes.

Concerning the evils of hospital management, and the intrigues of rival medical schools, it is quite unnecessary to write. Pretty much the same flavor attaches to these matters in Chicago as in New York. The less one dwells on such sore spots of the body medical the better.

A few words about a new and highly deserving charity that has been quite recently inaugurated in Chicago. It is called the Lakeside Sanitarium. It has for its object the treatment of infantile diarrhoeal diseases occurring during the warm weather. A commodious pavilion has been erected fronting the lake. Here the poor mothers take their suffering babies, the latter remaining all day. Hammocks, a kitchen, bathing facilities, the necessary drugs and restoratives have been provided, and a medical staff makes several daily visits. Dr. Randolph, formerly of the St. Francis Hospital, of New York, is one of the physicians in charge. He kindly explained the system to your correspondent, and pointed out the gratifying success that had already attended the life-saving

efforts of this young institution. The immediately rallying effects of the pure lake breezes are a matter of constant surprise to all who witness their action upon the babes removed from crowded tenements. A rather serious drawback, however, would appear to be the present impossibility of allowing the little ones to remain in the sanitarium over night. But of course, with the growth of the institution, this defect will be remedied.

In taking leave of this city, it may not be amiss to repeat a story, that seems to your correspondent quite typical of Chicago and its rapid growth. A patriotic citizen having returned from a prolonged journey abroad, meets an old friend in the street, when the following brief colloquy ensues: "Well, old boy, I'm glad to see you back; do you think w've changed any while you were away?" "Changed," replies the former, "why, don't you know we have lied about Chicago, and *lied* about her, and **LIED** about her. And yet to-day she is away ahead of all our lies!" Mayor Carter Harrison probably knows of this story.

ABOUT MINNESOTA

it would be easy to say, with perfect justice, many pleasant things. In the first place, the Eastern traveller cannot fail to be agreeably affected by the exhilarating effects of its dry, crisp air. There is something so very unmalarious about it that one feels inclined to doubt whether the Minnesota doctor ever prescribes quinine. Almost the entire State is elevated from one thousand to two thousand feet above sea-level. Hence, its climate shows those peculiarities that are more or less characteristic of the entire Northwestern region—that is to say, there is an almost daily change from hot to cold, with a thermometrical range above 50° in spring and winter, and a variation of about 40° for the summer. Nevertheless, neither the almost tropical heat, nor the extreme cold ever become so oppressive and unbearable as we are accustomed to find them in New York.

Chronic pulmonary diseases appear to be rare in Minnesota; and indeed its salubrious climate would lend itself readily to the establishment of sanitary resorts for those afflicted with such maladies.

One circumstance strikes the traveller as quite peculiar in Minnesota, and that is the conspicuous absence of very old persons. Indeed, to a greater or less extent this applies to the entire region traversed by your correspondent. Leading physicians resident in the various towns and villages along the road are ready to admit this, as a feature of the new life in their rapidly growing country.

The explanation they offer is based not on one, but on several facts, all operative in the same direction, viz., that of curtailing man's natural term of existence. Most potent among these various factors is the high tension of all human activity out there. Working with half-power is a thing unknown. All faculties are enlisted, all energies constantly strained to accomplish the chosen task of life. What wonder, then, that nature's stock of reserve force is early exhausted; and a sudden, complete collapse, as of the one-hoss shay, is the rule, not the exception. Death seems merciful, and does not linger in the lap of long and painful illness, as is so frequently the case with us. It takes the system by surprise, as it were; there is a short, sharp struggle, with a quick decision either one way or the other. Slight ailments would appear to be both less frequent and less attended to than in the East. Chronic affections are likewise fewer, in proportion, than elsewhere. Of course, all this is to be taken in a broad, general way, and not as a rule without exceptions.

One derives the impression, from the above, that the people there have no time to dally with disease. They are always in earnest, and besides they are constantly in a hurry, even when sick. Evidently, they have not yet reached that point of civilization which allows them to "make haste slowly."

II.

It is but two decades that the settlers in Minnesota have held undisputed possession of its soil. The horrors of the great Sioux massacre, which occurred in 1862, are still fresh in the memories of many men. In view of these facts, the rapid growth and development of the former "land of the Dakotahs," and more especially of its twin cities,

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS,

must strike us as truly remarkable. Exactly why these neighboring towns are still called twins it would be difficult to determine, however, for the only Siamese bond that at present links them is the reciprocal spirit of eager rivalry, watchful jealousy, and utmost contempt. Still, it seems quite possible that the very ardor of mutual antipathy has been instrumental in raising both cities far above the level of other towns in the State. So that here again the life of two cities illustrates an old experience, that intense competition may prove an unmingled blessing to both competitors. The universal activity and restless enterprise of these pioneer cities is but faintly reflected in their professional life, in so far, at least, as this relates to medicine.

The stream of practice flows along rather slowly and quite smoothly. But it is the slowness of equanimity, and not of sickly, exhausted lethargy. Of course there are occasional homœopathic and other irregular eddies. But these are utterly impotent to disturb the main current. Such distressing whirlpools and rapids as we Eastern code-contentionists wilfully and wickedly create, are nowhere to be found. Indeed the Western medico generally does not, apparently, envy us the open display of bitter feud and strife within the ranks of a profession that can ill afford to merit public scorn and ridicule.

THE CODE OF ETHICS IN THE WEST.

Our Western *confrère* has perhaps heard of the code. In rare instances he has even "read it some." That is the old one. But he does not hanker after it. Nevertheless, he tries to live the life of a gentleman. He feels satisfied that he can do this through the prompting power of his own impulses ; hence he cares very little for the old code, and just about as much for the new one. He upholds regularity, especially in the matter of sending bills. Yet he rarely hesitates to meet his homœopathic brother—openly, as they do most things out there in that benighted West, not on the sly, as they do some things down here. The result is a happy one. Almost universally, in the far West, there exists a feeling of harmony within the profession that sounds to Gotham ears like the strains of sweet music long forgotten, though dearly loved. The evident moral of the matter is this : let the western doctor come East to learn the refinements of differential diagnosis ; but by all means let us go West to be taught the refinement of undifferentiated fellowship. Evolution is doubtless a great science, but we have not yet reached that point of mutability which will allow a man born without the instincts of a gentleman, to become metamorphosed into one through the potent agency of a rigid code. And the gentleman-born carries within his breast a better, brighter, nobler code than human pen or printer's ink can ever devise.

There is no dearth of doctors in St. Paul and Minneapolis ; still the profession is not overcrowded, and there is room for good physicians. As for the two years' product of our vast grinding mills, that species of dazzling ignorance would find transplantation to Minnesota soil unprofitable, if not ruinous. It could never take root there and bring forth choice blossoms of bungling stupidity, gross carelessness, and reckless behavior generally.

Some of the Westerners are so pachycephalic and vulgar that they fail utterly to appreciate such dainty

delicacies. And what they do not appreciate they sometimes shoot. At least so the writer was credibly informed, although he never saw it done.

ASPECTS OF PRACTICE.

Dr. C. H. Boardman, of St. Paul, the medical director of the Northern Pacific Railroad, kindly gave your correspondent a few points about the practice of medicine in that city and Minneapolis. It would appear that the largest incomes, in both towns, are derived by homœopaths. And in neither does it exceed \$15,000. The established physician in good standing earns on an average between four and six thousand dollars. The usual office fee is one dollar, and a visit to the house of the patient two. Consultations pay five dollars. Confinements from ten to twenty-five. There are no dispensaries to lure the willing patients from the office of the doctor. A majority of the people habitually pay their bills. The inevitable blackleg and deadhead is represented by an insignificant minority. The personal relations between the representatives of the two schools are quite good. Quarrels but rarely occur. Consultations between them are infrequent, but entail no far-reaching consequences, and rarely engender even temporary partisan dissensions.

Pure science naturally has few votaries there ; but the average practitioner is a busy, intelligent man, fertile in resource, quick to imitate what is new, and eager to advance his art with himself. It should be understood, however, that art precedes self, in this statement, by courtesy more than *de facto*. But it may be comforting to our Western brethren to be assured that such precedence is not utterly unknown, even in the enlightened East.

As regards lady practitioners, they appear to be fairly successful, and while they can hardly claim to excel the average male physician, they are justly entitled to all the credit that belongs to holding one's own, even when

handicapped by natural and artificial disadvantages. The specialties are at present but little developed, although oculists and aurists are beginning to crop up rather numerously.

Dr. Ames, the Mayor of Minneapolis, assured the writer that the professional duties and responsibilities of a large office practice were quite compatible with the faithful and energetic management of municipal affairs. In an eastern city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, a physician elected to the mayoralty would have to give up that office, or his office practice would give up him. They appear to govern less West than East, although they may seem to require more government.

Your correspondent has purposely dwelt at some length on the local aspect of medicine in St. Paul and Minneapolis, for what was said concerning these cities applies to a great extent to all the larger towns of the region visited. As regards the smaller places, a young physician locating there would have to take his chances. If fortunate, the settlement may quickly prosper, and he would then be assured of a rather handsome competence. On the other hand, it might remain stationary, or even retrogress. In that case, unless he could afford to begin anew elsewhere, his life would remain one of toil, anxiety, and hardship, unillumined by any legitimate hope of future prosperity. There is a great deal of quiet heroism and touching pathos about the weary struggle for existence of many a medical man in the little border-towns of advancing civilization. Life there is a rugged reality, very apt to quickly dissipate illusions, and, alas, too often to inflict, through shattered hopes and dire disappointments, a wound that rankles but can never heal. Many a promising career has there been wrecked through insufficient equipment, a mistaken sense of power of sustained energy, or a yielding to temptation in the shape of gambling and other vices. Yet the man of conscious strength and integrity may easily walk unscathed through the alluring valley of sin, and avoiding

its numerous pitfalls, safely climb the hill of success and eminence.

This little wayside sermon is preached for the benefit of the young eastern graduate, who is uncertain where to settle. Let him not blindly believe that in the New Northwest fame and money will be poured into his lap undeservedly, or with but slight exertion. Let him take to heart the words of Dante, and—

“Think not that under the shade of
Canopy reposing, fair fame is won,
Without which, whosoe’er consumes his days,
Leaveth no vestige of himself on earth.”

The gospel of overwork has latterly been preached into quite a fashion, and with some amount of justice, one may readily concede. But work should not be confounded with overwork. It may often, in individual cases, be difficult to draw the line between the two. Yet, surely, where the general welfare of a village, a town, or any large community is concerned, it is safer to err on the side of overwork than on that of idleness. America owes its proud greatness to American work, call it overwork if you will, but not to transatlantic habits of underwork, or indolence.

A prominent German guest of Mr. Villard on this excursion, a quick observer and close student of the life of various nations, said that if the Teuton laborer and farmer could but be taught to work as the American does, he could make as much of a proverbially poor country as we are making of a proverbially rich one. In a concluding letter the writer hopes to bring to a close these random observations of a trip that, to him at least, was highly entertaining and instructive.

III.

NORTHERN DAKOTA.

might be aptly called a cereal paradise. Yet partial nature has smiled upon its rolling prairies in a rather one sided way. For miles and miles, stretching out endlessly to the far horizon the eye rests upon nothing but fertile plains. But there is a dead-level sameness about the scene that presently palls upon the sight. It is true, at first the astonished gaze receives a pleasant shock of newness in the boundless expanse of undulating golden wheat-fields. But it is all unrelieved by hill-top, tree, or river, so that the very vastness of this seeming ocean soon wearies through perpetual monotony. But while there is a lack of changeful romance in the scene, and picturesqueness too, is only conspicuous by absence, the thought rises imperative, that bounteous nature has here bestowed a gift of soil and climate that even now is a great blessing to thousands, and may, if judiciously managed, prove the same to untold thousands more. The unsurpassed fertility of the soil in this region appears to be due to a large deposit of vegetable mould over its surface. This invaluable accumulation varies in depth from two to six feet. A recognized authority in agricultural affairs has written the following, which seems no exaggeration of facts: "In view of the formation, extent, richness, and importance of the vegetable mould of our Northwestern prairies, it is established to a certainty that the United States is in possession of one of the greatest treasures in existence, which is not surpassed in value and importance by all the precious metals in the bowels of the earth."

An easily understood experience, but one not free from dangerous tendencies, is the brilliant success that has already attended the monopolist efforts of the so-

called bonanza farms. The grand scale upon which wheat-growing is there conducted by a few enterprising men, threatens to speedily place the independent small farmer without the pale of possible competition. Before the surpassing agricultural interest of Dakota all other topics sink into comparative insignificance. Thus purely medical matters wear no specific features that might serve to distinguish the professional life of this vast territory from that of the new Northwest generally.

Fargo bustling with life and activity, where the electric light and horse-car have already entered and look as though they meant to stay; Jamestown, bright, cheerful, growing and spreading almost as you look upon it; Bismarck, the newly chosen capital of the territory, pleasantly and advantageously situated on the eastern bank of the Missouri, more substantial and sedate in appearance, as becomes its recently acquired dignity and importance; then Mandan, just beyond the great Missouri River bridge—Mandan which two years ago was but an Indian settlement, and is proud to-day of a white population numbering two thousand aspiring, ambitious, pushing heads—all these places, and many smaller ones, too numerous for mention, offer the competent practitioner of some experience a rather liberal reward for steady professional work. He must be quite familiar, however, with the various affections that a sturdy race of hard-working men are liable to, in spite of unusually healthful surroundings. Surgical skill is likewise requisite in some degree. The forceps, guided by a steady hand, must find the right path and lock quickly.

At any rate it must not be too boldly employed as an effective perineal scythe. The new doctor must also know how to examine a delicate, shrinking girl's tongue, without spoiling her prospects of language. He must not say an infant is "only teething," when it is only just dying of meningitis. Nor must he gravely speak of an affection of the lungs, after a prolonged and painstaking auscultation of the liver. In a word, in addition to certain indis-

pensable prerequisites, such as the ability to write at least three prescriptions for one cough, he must be master of various minor accomplishments that your recent biannual graduate notoriously does not possess.

But quite seriously, as regards many of the filth-engendered pestilences of the metropolis, a sound ignorance of such maladies would seem to be, if not an aid, at least no hindrance to practice. From all of which it is apparent that, while a man need not necessarily be a runner or racer in his profession, he must nevertheless be enough of a pedestrian to enable him to walk securely. But, by all means, let him first learn to stand on his own feet ; for those intellectual appendages are not to be borrowed for love or money in the frontier towns of the new Northwest.

Before reaching Montana, an excellent view was had of a very remarkable region known as

THE BAD LANDS.

The peculiarity and grotesqueness of the many colored mounds and fanciful buttes that are there tumbled about haphazard for a distance of many miles, baffle all description. It is a scene that, following so closely upon the picture of abundance above alluded to, impresses one with a somewhat oppressive sense of waste and sterility. Nevertheless, the soil between the weird formations of the Bad Lands is said to possess excellent fertilizing purposes. Of course, the medical mind detects in these corrugated projections and bulging irregular formations, only multiple neoplasms on suffering nature's fair integument. One can easily fancy, scampering through these strange hills and valleys, herds of buffalo with the screaming red man in wild pursuit. However, all such fancies remain but pictures of the bewildered mind. For the buffalo has been recklessly slaughtered or driven away, and the Indian following, is compelled to live in reservations. So that at present the traveller feels constrained to lament the absence of both. They seem positively to belong there to complete the picture.

Into the formation of the territory of

MONTANA

there enters mountain, lake, and prairie, thus interesting the eye by a changeful scenery that has many elements of beauty. The average elevation very nearly approaches four thousand feet, and the climate possesses health-giving qualities. Severe winters are the rule, but the people apparently suffer less, and certainly complain much less of the cold, than is the rule with us.

If Dakota was styled a cereal paradise, Montana may justly claim the title of the Paradise of Miners. Glendive, Miles City, Billings, Livingston, Bozeman, Helena, and Missoula all make the impression of thriving places that mean to become still more prosperous in the near future. In most of these towns

THE COWBOY

is a feature, an institution, or an ever-present entity that may not be ignored. The first specimen of this numerous class elicits awe and admiration from the tenderfoot. Yes, the first cowboy is a decidedly imposing spectacle. After a while, however, he seems less grand, less picturesque, more human, and more dirty.

His physique is certainly good; powerful muscles, with plenty of solid bone to support them; a rather picturesque attire; a well-browned complexion; a reliable knife and pistol, under control of an unreliable temper, and often beyond it; a hardy horse or pony; finally, an antecedent history of whiskey, cards, and illiteracy. Such is the cowboy as he appears to the prejudices, perhaps, of an eastern observer. At any rate he scarcely improves upon more intimate acquaintance. He habitually chews vile tobacco, smells of viler liquor, and uses the vilest language.

Altogether he would seem to possess those delightful qualities that grace the successful metropolitan alderman, or some similarly accomplished politician. And now for

THE INDIAN.

West of St. Paul, representatives of many different tribes begin to appear with rather startling frequency. The unpractised eye detects few differences amid a general similarity of shabby pride, deceitful cunning, stolid indifference except to bargains, and unwashed redness. Yet the knowing scout or grasping agent will promptly inform you that there exist among the various tribes and nations, differences in language, or at least dialect, manners, habits, and beliefs, as well marked and deep seated as any that characterize the civilized peoples of the globe.

Sitting Bull, of infamous fame, when interviewed by your correspondent, was suffering from cephalalgia and an acute exacerbation of a chronic naso pharyngeal catarrh. The choice Sioux in which this interesting information was conveyed to the admiring writer was interrupted by hideous grimaces, snorts, and sniffings quite touching to contemplate. Once a dangerous brigand, in whose restless, wandering eye fierce hatred of the white man still lurks, as if in ambush, his present occupation seems to be that of an innocent, peace-loving, autograph-writing society-lion. A strangely suggestive spectacle, nevertheless, to see the scion of European nobility hand-shaking with the chieftain of a dying race of savages. In that momentary grasp both may be dimly conscious of the levelling tendencies of our modern civilization, which pauses not in its destructive march onward and upward, till a plateau is reached where no prerogative exists, and only those fit to survive may rule themselves, their own sovereigns.

At Graycliff, a spot about midway between Billings and Livingston, the Crow Indians had turned out in great force to the number of about two thousand. Here a weird scene of wild excitement was enacted. It was a war dance of the braves. Impossible to do justice to the fantastic costumes, the exultant whoops and shouts, the spasmodic ges-

ticulations of gaudily painted nakedness that constituted the acute delirium of this extraordinary recurrent dance. It may sound incredible, but it is yet quite true, that the picturesque brokers at our stock exchanges are not much more noisy, and apparently demented, in their hyperbolic frenzy of speculative transaction than these poor uncivilized, down-trodden savages in the gyrations of a war-dance.

Ample opportunity was here afforded your correspondent to note some strictly professional matters. To begin with, the average Crow Indian is taller and more slim than the pale-face. Robust types of perfect physical manhood are rare. Womanhood is represented by spare squaws and sparer maidens. Not a single example of comfortably helpless obesity was discoverable. In fact, your mean Indian apparently glides through life without any adipose tissue at all. Consequently he **never dies of a fatty heart.**

The Indian bones are thin, not clumsy; the muscles have a wiry look and feel. They impart a sense of great power of resistance to fatigue. The absolute force of the Indian buck seems comparatively small, but the possibility of continuous steady effort is implied in his make-up. He could scarcely perform very trying labor; and yet where moderate strength is required he would not easily give out, outlasting probably the Caucasian and Chinaman.

A rather large proportion of Indians are pock-marked. Indeed, the notorious ravages of small-pox among these unvaccinated people constitutes an unanswerable argument in favor of compulsory vaccination. Lues appears to be no rarity among them. The writer saw numerous instances where this scourge had left indelible imprints on the bodies of its victims. Scrofula is apparently of equal frequency. Suppurating cervical glands, blear-eyes, and other characteristic signs are seen on many a fretful papoose and moping adolescent. Altogether, look at these Indians from what point of view you will, the conviction forces itself upon you that they are a degenerate and degenerating race which must

needs suffer extermination at the hands of inexorably progressive civilization. Whatever else manifest destiny may signify, for the Indian it means the doom of inevitable extinction. Soon they will live nowhere on earth save in the traditions of the poet, or the colder remembrance of the historian. And let us own that fate is no more cruel to them than to inferiority generally, in a world where superiority alone escapes dripping through the narrowing sieve of competitive life. This letter has already exceeded the limit intended for it. Your correspondent is, therefore, constrained to reserve for a final one a few remarks about Washington and Oregon, and the Yellowstone National Park.

IV.

Before leaving Montana, it seems well to say a few words concerning its capital,

HELENA,

which is also the acknowledged business centre of the Territory. Helena is nothing, if not queer and peculiar. It represents to-day an imperfectly matured conglomeration of the most opposite elements. Indeed, at present the new city seems all superstructure, which rests, apparently secure, upon the basis of a crude mining camp. Those curiously puzzling types of humanity, which Bret Harte's genius has rendered so familiar to the reading public, may still be encountered in Helena. Not precisely as they appear in the pages of that gifted author, however; for stern reality has robbed them of the poetic halo which there surrounding them, softens harsh truth and wakes our pitying sympathy by gently playing upon the chords of a common humanity. But the passing stranger detects no redeeming features about most of these sombre, sullen, repulsive-looking fellows. They seem simply odious, nothing more. An involuntary sense of aloofness fastens itself upon you, and as you willingly pass them by you feel relieved.

In addition to these rougher characters, however, and mingling incongruously with them, are found various representatives of the older civilization of the East, and that still older one from across the ocean. Thus hard-faced men, with restless, anxious mien that plainly speaks of gambling, drink, and pistol, jostle the eager youth of slender build and pale complexion, the unmistakable gentleman, and probably a late arrival in this ever moving, busy crowd. Again, the primitive profanity of a waning era may still be heard in answer to the affected British of some Harvard stripling. All are slaves

to a devouring ambition—that of getting rich quickly. All have come to try their luck. The very air you breathe seems charged with this strong contagion. Indeed, so intent are they on quick success, that they never dream of possible failure. And it must be admitted they do succeed. No longer as in the past, not yet remote from present, by the single method of gold-mining; but in many of the recognized and legitimate business capacities of the East, or as professional men.

Has vice found a safer abode and more congenial soil there than in the centres of Eastern wealth and fashion? Who shall say yes without some show of hesitancy? Certain it is that they display a touching openness about vicious pursuits and habits. Certain, too, that the refined and subtle hypocrisy of a more complex, because more advanced civilization, has not yet clothed the hideous nakedness of vice in misleading tinsel. But is Western vice, therefore, more disgusting, more sinful, more degrading than her much attired twin-sister of the East? It all depends upon the moral point of view, which is a shifting, changeful thing, half statute and half conscience. Openly, artlessly, without attempted guise, vice walks the streets of Helena in clear, broad day-light. At night it is becomingly illuminated by electric lamps. And the uniformed representatives of law and order calmly smile and pass by. Thus universally sanctioned, protected, and practised, perhaps it ceases to be vice at all, and becomes a mere peculiarity, an innocent pastime. As just stated, it all depends upon the point of view.

A noted divine, seeing what has here been faintly shadowed forth, said that he felt better satisfied with this condition of things than what obtains with us. For, he argued, where I can see the devil so plainly, I can easily fight and conquer him; it is the devil that hides behind a bush who is so hard to catch. Evidently, then, the influx of a few Eastern devil-fighters (and perhaps we could spare a few) would soon make Helena and towns of her stamp models of virtue, sobriety, and refinement—that

is to say, from an Eastern standpoint. But enough of this. As George Eliot has it, "whatever benefit there may be in denouncing the evil, it is after all more edifying, and certainly more cheering, to appreciate the good." Hence let us hasten to remember that this city's life at present illustrates but a transition period from a lower to a higher level; that Helena has already achieved a commercial supremacy over many other ambitious towns; that there may be much golden truth in the proud boast of her citizens, to the effect that she is, in proportion to her population, even now the richest city in the world; that pure men and virtuous women have found abiding homes there; and that if we were all born good, it would no longer be meritorious to be so.

Soon after leaving Helena, the main range of

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

is crossed, the road now going over the Mullan Pass. Here a tunnel nearly four thousand feet long is building, and will soon be completed. Mr. E. V. Smalley has recently so well described this interesting region that your correspondent easily yields to the temptation of quoting from his letter :

"Approached from the East," he says, "the Rocky Mountains seem well to deserve their name. Gigantic cliffs and buttresses of granite appear to bar the way, and to forbid the traveller's further progress. There are depressions in the range, however, where ravines run up the slopes, and torrents come leaping down, fed by melting snows. Over one of these depressions Lieutenant John Mullan built a wagon road a score of years ago, to serve the needs of army transportation between the head of navigation at the Great Falls of the Missouri and the posts in Oregon. Mullan's wisdom in selecting the pass, which bears his name, was endorsed when the railroad engineers found it to be the most favorable on the Northern Pacific line. The road is carried up ravines and across the face of foot-hills to a steep wall, where it

dives into the mountain side, runs under the crest of the Divide through a tunnel three-fourths of a mile long, and comes out upon smiling green and flowery meadows, to follow a clear trout-stream down to a river whose waters seek the mighty Columbia. The contrast between the western and eastern sides of the Main Divide of the Rockies is remarkable. On the eastern slope the landscapes are magnificently savage and sombre; on the western slope they have a pleasant, pastoral beauty, and one might think himself in the hill country of Western Pennsylvania instead of high upon the side of the great water shed of the continent. The forest tracts look like groves planted by a landscape gardener in some stately park, and the grassy slopes and valleys, covered with blue and yellow flowers, and traversed by swift, clear brooks, add to the pleasure-ground appearance of the country. What a glorious place this would be for summer camping, trout fishing, and shooting, is the thought of every traveller as he descends from the summit with his hands full of flowers picked close to a snow-bank. Snow Shoe Mountain rises just in front, across a lovely verdant valley. Powell's Peak, a massive, white pyramid, cuts the clear sky with its sharp outlines on the further horizon, and a cool breeze blows straight from the Pacific Ocean."

The Cascade Mountain range divides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON

into an eastern and western territory. To do even scant justice to the attractiveness of the varied scenery of either district is quite impossible within the limits of this letter. There seems to be spread out before the entranced view a never-ending series of variegated landscape wonders and surprises. Now you see a panorama of natural parks with all the luxuriant vegetation of the Pacific lands. Then dense, dark, forbidding forests, wooded with mighty firs and pine-trees. Again you are delighted by charming valleys, all smiling sun-

shine, that invite lingering rambles and long repose. But grander and more imposing far than these gentler pictures, the giant peaks of the Cascades rear their proud heads, clad in the pure white of perpetual snow, high into the clear azure of this Western sky. Before the overpowering presence of these dazzling summits, the memory of Switzerland's fair Alps shrinks into that dark recess of the mind which may be called a willing forgetfulness. It is only when the Cascades too have gradually faded out of sight that comparisons seem at all admissible. And Puget Sound, again, than which no finer inlet has crept landward to form deep harbors, well-sheltered, navigable, and attractive. Finally, that mighty current, the Columbia River, with its banks of unrivalled, ever-changing, richly colored splendor. Surely these Territories have a grander and more manifold natural beauty than may be easily found in the entire Union, perhaps in all America.

As for the climate of Washington and Oregon, two widely different regions must be distinguished, the Cascades separating one from the other. East of this range there is an annual mean temperature not unlike that of Pennsylvania. Short spells of extreme cold occur, but not too often. The air feels dry, so that the heat of summer seems less oppressive than with us. The mornings and evenings are invariably cool, if not positively cold. On the other hand, the western region, lying beyond the Cascades, enjoys an equable climatic mildness, quite peculiar to itself. One great moderator of winter's severity is the Japan current. Snow is a rarity, but there is a prolonged rainy season to replace the frigid winter of the East. And finally, a bright, sunshiny, temperate summer compensates largely for the more or less steady drizzle of a rather dreary fall and winter.

There is little to say about the towns and cities of these vast Territories. With the single exception of Portland, in Oregon, their greatness and importance lie in no past or present. Their future significance, however,

seems not too far ahead. It appears not as the rash guess of the enthusiast, but like the exact calculation of the astronomer, to predict for them a near destiny of business thrift, prosperity, and fame. Really one feels that for once the study of the infant justifies the prognosis of the man to come.

With a feeling of reluctance, then, as when parting from some new acquaintance of congenial mien and sympathetic manner, your correspondent turns to other matters.

But not without casting a farewell glance upon

PORTLAND,

justly called the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. This rapidly growing city already claims 40,000 inhabitants, and presents the general appearance of a new, enterprising, flourishing business town. In its peculiarly advantageous situation it combines with the facilities of the seaport all the conveniences of an inland town. Deep-going ocean steamers stud its numerous wharves, although the Pacific is nearly one hundred miles away. It is, besides, a distributing centre for a large land traffic, having several railroad depots. And it is quite characteristic of this far Western town to see the thick woodlands of the surrounding wilderness receding, as it were, only step by step as the city limits steadily extend and encroach upon them. Thus, without sensible gradation or intermediate link, primeval forest is here at once transformed into modern city.

The practice of medicine is somewhat peculiar in Portland. Physicians earn but small incomes, compared with the great riches accumulated in trade. The average doctor cannot get much beyond an annual income of from \$2,500 to \$3,000. A very few may receive \$10,000, which would appear to be the maximum limit. Add to this that bills are often difficult of collection, especially for the beginner; that the profession, unlike what obtains in most other towns in Oregon, is already overcrowded; that living, finally, is higher than in New York; and it will

be readily perceived that there is no promising field here for the youthful medico. Rheumatic and malarial troubles are the most popular affections in Portland. Acute pulmonary diseases are said to be rare.

The Portland doctors have a Medical College with all the modern professorships, and two hospitals. They feel proud of these institutions. Moreover, they live content and happy in the absence of patient-stealing dispensaries. The *Portland Medical Advance*, however, is a thing of the future. At present they all read THE RECORD, and those who do not ought to.

SOME WESTERN ODDITIES.

In taking final leave of the new Northwest, this infant stripling of huge dimensions and great pretensions, it may not be amiss to briefly dwell upon a few, a very few, of the most prominent oddities of that region.

It is certainly odd what enormous vegetables they raise there. And it is quite odd to note with what pertinacity they intrude these growths upon the attention of the tourist.

From Fargo on, the attacks of the vegetarian begin. He is no dallying amateur, but a dead-earnest professional. He insists on your sharing the glow of pride that starts through his susceptible constitution while lost in rapt admiration of a huge potato, or an immense cabbage, or a giant pumpkin. Next year, he solemnly declares, they will be much bigger. This was an off-year for crops anyhow. And sure enough, at the next station they have already attained additional size, although there too they are attended by similar comments. Well, these marvelous products of an extraordinary soil keep right on getting bigger and bigger all the time, partly at the successive stations and partly in the minds of the truthful farmers; until at length you begin to wonder, in a dazed kind of way, why on earth, from sheer stress of accumulated weighty vegetation, the earth does not tip over at that particular point.

It is, further, odd to note what stress is laid on bigness—generally. Quite apart from vegetable bigness, which has just been alluded to, they call everything that may typify or characterize the West, “something big.” It is this one attribute that appeals most directly, emphatically, and eloquently to the Western senses. Out there some few things are great, but everything is big—in the estimation of themselves.

Take the extent of Western territory, for example. It is the “biggest country on the face of the globe.” Of course, as regards this particular point, we of the East are almost as knowing as they of the West; for we also never allow suitable or unsuitable opportunity to pass without proclaiming that remarkable discovery to mankind at large. But what we hardly suspected is, that almost every single Western State or Territory is “bigger than all the rest of the world put together”—with a margin to spare for undiscovered countries.

This deplorable ignorance of geographical details constitutes one of the most serious drawbacks of an Eastern education—as your correspondent was repeatedly called upon to admit; which he always did with commendable alacrity, in deference to the acknowledged power and steady aim of Western arguments.

Again, it is odd to find in what high esteem they hold the surviving

PIONEERS AND EARLY SETTLERS.

But no. On second thought that is not odd at all, only quite human and deeply touching. That fast-dwindling band of brave-hearted, whole-souled, toiling men, will not live to see their work completed. Pioneers never do. Yet their humble lives, spent amid dreary surroundings and filled with vicissitudes, will not have been lived in vain. Surely they will have served a higher purpose, and have fulfilled a nobler aim than the mere bequeathal to posterity of a sturdy race of honest, cheerful, hopeful workers. For they will once more have taught the world

the glorious lesson that unostentatious heroism and patient toil need not be, nay, cannot be futile. Theirs, too, will be the proud victory of persevering energy, invincible determination, and unflagging spirits, against great natural odds and over the many obstacles of human ignorance, prejudice, or pride.

Doubtless the names of all these pioneers will ere long be consigned to oblivion, unmerited though it be. But let us hold the class, at least, in reverential memory. What they may have cherished as some fond dream alone, we already see in incipient fulfilment. No prophetic foresight is needed to-day to predict that their early labors and trials will not have been fruitless. And so, with a parting pressure of the horny pioneer hands, we leave the new Northwest, confident that it will work out its own destiny of greatness, and with our God-speed on the journey.

V.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL
PARK.

The Yellowstone National Park is wonderland—nothing more, and very surely nothing less. All who have been privileged to visit it will admit this cardinal fact of its existence. But it is not the kind of wonderland for fairies fit to dwell in, unless, indeed, those beings had first learned to survive a twofold ordeal, consisting in alternate congelation by nocturnal cold that would do credit to the North Pole, and diurnal evaporation through heat that the Equator might feel proud of.

As for your ordinary specimen of frail humanity, it seldom persists in feeling serenely comfortable while experiencing the intense climatic variations that this park affords. In fact, a common mortal might there be apt to suddenly lay an overweening stress on his common mortality. He might, for instance, more or less silently melt away, or freeze solid, or at any rate perish after some fashion more deserving of professional consideration. But, all the same, it is a glorious wonderland, is this great park. The chief wonder, however, is this, that in spite of the perpetual influx of conscientious visitors, the wonders are still there.

So, too, is most of the land. The missing portions have been carried away by the enterprising geologist—a strange disease that erupts sporadically in this region. But let us be consoled. The Government has already appointed a scientific commission to fully investigate that dreadful plague. And when the Government appoints a commission—but let that pass.

The typical Yellowstone wonder is a rather shy institution. You can win it, however, by judicious and persistent wooing; and when at length you have succeeded

in your endeavors, you find that you have secured a much bigger wonder than you bargained for—an intermittent geyser, for instance, that throws, playfully, high up into the air several lakes a minute, either clear lakes or muddy ones. It makes an ipecac-prescribing man feel almost small by comparison to witness such powerful results. Nature is, after all, a great physician—a model instructor. Only to think of the immense *vis emeticatrix naturæ*, here so plainly visible!

Or if you fail to capture a spouting geyser, very likely you will find some mammoth hot springs, steaming, gurgling, bubbling, boiling, with sulphurous water trickling down over the sides of great natural basins. Or if neither geyser nor hot spring, a grotesque formation, that plainly tells of exhausted spout or primal volcanic outburst. Indeed, almost at every step you are thus confronted with the remnants of former elemental chaos, or the intact relics of past upheavals. There is but one drawback to a comfortable revelling in these and many other unrivalled sights. The wonders, as already intimated, are not easily accessible. However, this may soon be changed. Time, occasionally stimulated by congressional appropriations, will do wonders with this wonderland.

But in all earnestness some means might be devised to develop, protect, and make easier of access the great natural beauties and resources of this extraordinary region. For example, there may reside in its countless hot springs and sparkling wells medicinal virtues of high value, that might prove beneficial or curative in many obstinate diseases. But as yet we possess absolutely no trustworthy information concerning them. A beginning in the right direction has, however, now been made. Professor Hoffmann, of Berlin, the well-known chemist, has secured samples of many of these springs and waters, so that we may soon expect to have made public the results of reliable analyses.

The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, prettily located at

the entrance to the park, must be classed with the daring enterprises of American pluck. It resembles the huge caravansaries, so called, of Saratoga, Long Branch, or Coney Island. The bill of fare is quite elaborate, the rooms are large and good, the service is satisfactory. One weak, or rather strong point, your correspondent detected in the shape of an everlasting India-rubber cow. This extraordinary animal, being properly sliced and broiled, was served by dignified and solemn waiters as game. They called it elk-steak or mountain-sheep *filet*. But the guests only wrestled with it, they could not cut or chew it. It was an exasperating Yellowstone wonder.

From this great hotel as a starting-point you can travel on horseback or in vehicle through the park for days and days, in pursuit of various wonders. The writer was fortunate. He procured a pony slightly handicapped with a somewhat Mexican saddle. He immediately bounded off with unbounded enthusiasm, apparently shared by the steed, a noble animal, that galloped up and down the steepest hills as though winged with speed. Presently he was all aglow with the inspiring conviction that such powerful equestrianism had been rarely equalled, and certainly never excelled. It must have been a latent talent hitherto submerged in excessive medical erudition. Now, when opportunity offered, it at once asserted itself. At any rate, here was a flattering and pleasant reflection, and it endured just ten miles. Then the proud certainty that, after all, it only depends upon the rider, weakened a little. The next five miles it weakened a good deal more. Then it weakened still more. And it must be confessed, for the last ten miles, logic, philosophy, and cold reason compelled the humiliating admission that, after all, it all depends upon the horse.

As for those who had selected wagons, they insisted that these vehicles were discovered from the very start to be but cunningly devised apparatus for the creation of blinding dust and promiscuous torture. The day was in all respects a memorable one, however.

We had left the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel late in the morning, and reached our first day's halting-place, a singularly impressive spot, early in the afternoon. It was but ten minutes' walk from the Norris Geyser Basin, which your correspondent will not attempt to describe. Mr. Winser's guide-book does ample justice to its many wonderful and striking features. In fact, the writer wishes to here express his indebtedness to the two guide-books * of that author, for much suggestive and valuable information concerning the entire region traversed during this trip. The spot just mentioned, where tents had been pitched for our accommodation, was situated on a gentle slope wooded with fir and pine trees. Below was a placid valley, cut by a clear stream winding its rapid course plashingly along, eager for union with the Yellowstone River. Around all an odd frame-work of distant snow-clad mountains completed an attractive picture, here barely outlined.

Gradually, under the soothing influence of a hearty meal and sufficient rest, the depressing effects of our long ride began to wear off. The sun was scarcely set, and already round about us the shadows quickly deepened into encircling darkness. Now a huge fire was kindled, fed by crackling boughs and fallen pine-trees. Its flickering glare strangely illuminated a wide circuit. In fitful gusts the air blew chilly through the camp, forcing the flames heavenward in sudden angry leaps. An expectancy of snow was in the atmosphere.

The company were soon attracted to the fire, disposing themselves in various groups around this centre of grateful warmth. Perhaps most of them were quite unconscious of the remarkable and highly picturesque effect thus produced. There they stood, sat, or lounged in various attitudes of contemplative repose. Members of the British Parliament were there, ambassadors, several ladies, distinguished Germans, authors, statesmen,

* Published by the Putnams, New York, 1883.

the inevitable American colonel, and others, representing foreign or native intelligence, wealth, and refinement. Never before in the history of that region was such an assembly seen gathered about a blazing camp-fire. Beyond them, and to one side of the fire, in striking contrast with these gentler folk, the drivers had assembled. The brightness of the flames lit up the weather-beaten, sun-tanned faces of these gaunt, strangely clothed men. They smoked and chatted in grim contentment, looking for all the world like gypsy brigands on a frolic. Their forms seemed sharply etched against the blackness of the woods. A tethered pony now and then timidly approached, to swiftly scamper off again in fright at some sudden noise or motion. In the far distance the jagged outline of the sombre, passionless mountains came and went, with the fitful rise and fall of the lurid flames. And above us was spread a starlit sky, with a faintly shimmering moon to mitigate its seeming coldness. Really the sight of all this was like a poem, unwritten but yet felt.

Presently some mollified German thawed out in song. His example proved contagious. Soon he was joined by a full-voiced chorus, and the night-air rang with sweet melody. They sang long and well, those foreigners in a strange land. The enchanting strains of the old German *Volkslied*, alternated with the Tyrolese *Jodler*, or the more modern students' song. At times a plaintive, melancholy music, and again bright, joyous, laughing notes resounded through hill and valley with faint and fading reverberations. Never until then was the delicious cadence of such tones heard amid those surroundings.

But at length they too must cease. We sought the inviting warmth of our blankets. Presently no sound was heard save the gentle sighing of the breeze in the tree-tops. The pines still rocked and swayed, agitated by fitful gusts of moaning wind. Now and then the dying embers of the camp-fire were fanned back to momentary life. A sudden flame leaped up spasmodically, to perish quickly in the darkness. Above, the stars still

glittered, cold, keen, impassive. Shrouded in gloom the camp lay sleeping.

At early dawn there was a harsh awakening to rude toilet and shivering breakfast. The actual experiences of the night before blended imperceptibly with the vivid dreams that had followed. A shadowy memory of pleasant by-gones was alone recalled by the heap of ashes that lay before us. The journey proceeded, and many strange, weird sights were seen. But it will not be possible to do justice to all we witnessed. Enough has been said to show that the Yellowstone Park deserves a visit, and will amply repay the tourist's outlay of time and money. The imperfections and discomforts inseparable from new regions will soon be measurably relieved. In time it must become a popular resort for foreign as well as native travelers. And now these random notes have finally ended, and the reader may feel relieved.

136 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

